

Snatch XI

by Mathew Paust

Blood. Portal to basics. A demanding focal intersect of now with ever. Distractions vanished in relevance. Whose, the initial interest. The sense of a voice, one of his own, weighing implications of the blood being of the preferred other: A wound from him? Accidental? Negligence? Otherwise...

“Otherwise it would have been assault, by me...” Public voice when he's tense. Tension leaves with its recognition. Ultra private voice: “That's bullshit. No memory of anybody near and if I'm not remembering them it could be somebody else or something hurt somebody and it wasn't me but what the fuck did happen? Is it me then? My blood? Nothing hurts, I don't think. No, don't feel anything, pain, itching, nothing. So if it is my blood? My blood. OK. What the fuck. Just on my face though. Just there? So how'd it get there?”

“But I'm just guessing, OK? That it's blood. It could be bird shit hahahahahaha. But what about the rest then? The numbness or whatever. Could I move if I wanted? If I had to? I don't have to, I don't think. Do I want to? I don't really want to, I think, although I could be rationalizing. Shit. I shouldn't be afraid to see if I can move. Just to see. I think I am, though. Afraid. Maybe just theoretically.”

